

*K*  
*Willet*  
BUXOM JOAN.

*A*  
B U R L E T T A,

I N O N E A C T.

*Willet* *Thos*  
AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL in the HAYMARKET.

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L O N D O N,  
Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXVIII.

[ Price SIX PENCE. ]



[PREFACE]

MUSEUM

Printed by T. Cadell, at the Museum.

LONDON

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL IN

BRITISH MUSEUM

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

BLUFF, *a Soldier,*

Mr. BANNISTER.

BEN, *a Sailor,*

Mr. BRETT.

TOM, *a Tinker,*

Mr. MASSEY.

SNIP, *a Tailor,*

Mr. EDWIN,

W O M E N.

MOTHER,

Mrs. BRETT.

BUXOM JOAN,

Miss TWIST.

SCENE, DEPTFORD.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



Mr. E. B. Rieu

Mr. E. B. Rieu

Mr. E. B. Rieu

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Mr. E. B. Rieu



# BIU X O M J O A N.

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*A Chamber.*

*Enter Joan, followed by her Mother.*

## R E C I T A T I V E.

MOTHER.

**D**AUGHTER, I think 'tis time that you shou'd marry,  
You have three offers, then no longer tarry.  
Resolve at once; when old, you will complain  
Of being forc'd to gnaw the sheets in vain:  
Then prithee give yourself no prudish airs;  
Consider, what's a maid at her last pray'rs?

A I R.

Oh! cou'd I recal the past time,  
And like you were just in my prime;  
The man that I lov'd at my feet,  
My happiness wou'd be compleat!

B

Put

But alas! I am grey,  
 And the men turn away  
 From a face that is furrow'd by age.  
 Time alters one quite;  
 For what gave delight  
 No longer has pow'r to engage.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

JOAN.

To see me settled is a mother's care;  
 But mine to chuse. To force my will forbear:  
 I ne'er can like the Soldier, Tinker, Tailor;  
 If e'er I marry, 'twill be Ben the Sailor.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

MOTHER.

Sailors, you know, are given much to roam;  
 'Tis ten to one if ever he comes home:  
 Or if he shou'd, perhaps he'll prove false-hearted—  
 You have not heard from him since last you parted.

A I R.

JOAN.

Dear Mother, don't worry !  
I'm not in a hurry ;  
The bloom is not off o'the plumb :  
I yet may be blest  
With the man I like best ;  
For still I'm in hopes he will come.

R E C I T A T I V E.

MOTHER.

I'll send your lovers—Hear what each can say—  
Don't contradict me ! I will have my way.

[Exit.

A I R.

JOAN.

Whate'er in life's my future lot,  
A stately dome or humble cot ;  
In busy crouds oblig'd to dwell,  
Or Solitude's sequester'd cell ;  
Let me in him I love be blest—  
I ask no more—Fate shape the rest !

Enter

*Enter Tinker.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

TINKER.

Your servant, Joan. I'm come to know your mind:  
If that to marry me you're but inclin'd,  
Cheerful as birds we'll live, as freely roam,  
Assur'd in ev'ry place to find a home.

A I R.

If my Joan wou'd but smile,  
With my *budget* I'll toil;  
I'll work and I'll sing,  
With a ting ting ting;  
In the villages round  
My kettle I'll found,  
That the folks shall attend  
To my *bellows to mend!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

JOAN.

Pray do you think these limbs were made to trudge it,  
And after *you* to bear your odious budget?

*Enter*



*Enter Tailor.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

TAILOR.

Sharp as a *needle*, came a cruel dart  
 From those bright eyes, that pierc'd my tender heart.  
 Have pity, Joan! my bills I can't enlarge—  
*Silk, twist, and stay-tape* I forget to charge.  
*Cabbage* I cannot, useless is my *bell*:  
 What will become of *Snip* I cannot tell!

A I R.

My heart's scorch'd in my breast,  
 Like a *seam* that is prest  
 By a *goose* over-heated:  
 Some comfort give,  
 Let poor *Snip* live!  
 I deserve to be better treated, [Crying.  
 Don't look so shy!  
 Sweet Joan, comply!  
 Or else poor *Snip* must die! [Sobbing.

R E C I T A T I V E.

JOAN.

Few words are best: Experienc'd matrons tell us,  
 Never to wed such *wishey-washey* fellows.

C

*Enter*

*Enter Soldier, singing a march.*

# RECITATIVE.

Behold your Soldier, just return'd from war.  
We've beat our foes, and brought home many a scar:  
None cou'd withstand *my* fury, in the fight—  
By conquest gain'd, I claim you as my right.

# A I R.

The thund'ring drums did beat to battle,  
And murd'ring cannons too did rattle:  
The enemy fiercely assail'd,  
And death with its horrors prevail'd:  
    Heavy moans,  
    Dying groans,  
Cou'd be heard midst the loudest alarms:  
    I fought for your sake,  
    Made the enemy quake,  
And with conquest return to your arms.

# RECITATIVE.

JOAN.

What shall I do? best set them by the ears.—  
Send them away.

SOLDIER [*to Joan.*]

I'll rid you of your fears.—

[*Aside.*  
[*To Soldier.*

To

To win her heart, and make my courage known, [Aside.  
I'll drive these hence—and then—the town's my own.—  
March off! [to Taylor]—Retreat! [to Tinker]—or else I'll  
make you run [to both].

TAILOR [to Tinker.]

Ne'er mind his blust'ring—we are two to one.

TINKER [to Tailor.]

All odds I scorn—to fight is not your plan;  
Let Joan decide, which is the happy man.

T R I O.

SOLDIER.

Brazen-face! [to the Tinker]—Cabbage-head! [to the Tailor]  
I wonder you dare  
To hope for success!—'tis the brave win the fair.

TAILOR.

Drunken sot! [to Tinker]—Shew your scars! [to Soldier] behind,  
I dare say,  
Laid on by the drummers for running away!

TINKER.

Poltroon!—[to Soldier] sneaking afs! [to Tailor]—come, come,  
both come!  
I'll trim you [to Tailor]—and I'll make you sound like a drum.  
[to Soldier.]

*At the conclusion of the Trio, enter Sailor.*

R E C I -

RECITATIVE

SAILOR.

What storm is this? I guess how blows the wind.—  
Belay your tongues, and hear me speak my mind:  
If for the wench you quarrel, know she's mine;  
And but with life, I'll Buxom Joan resign.

RECITATIVE.

JOAN.

Oh! welcome, welcome, to these arms again. [To Ben.]

SAILOR.

My dearest girl!

JOAN.

My worthy, honest Ben!

RECITATIVE.

SAILOR.

My lads, you'd better *steer* some other *course*:  
*Steer* off! or, zounds, I'll make you do't by force!

A I R.



A I R.

'Tis for landmen to prate,  
Such trifling I hate,  
To wheedle and cajole is their plan;  
For a licence let's haste,  
We have no time to waste;  
'Tis actions that best speak the man.

I'm a rough honest Tar,  
Just landed from far :  
My heart cannot change like the weather;  
As the *needle* 'tis true,  
And points only to you;  
Let the parson then *splice* us together!

A I R.

JOAN.

Since you're constant and true,  
I'll be so to you,  
Here's my hand! to be yours I consent.  
You're the man of my heart!

SAILOR.

You're the girl of my heart!

BOTH.

Oh! may we ne'er part,  
Nor ever have cause to repent.

D

R E C I -

RECITATIVE.

SOLDIER.

Blood, you're a lad of spirit—give you joy!  
Honour alone shall now my thoughts employ.

VAUDEVILLE.

SOLDIER.

[*To the Tailor and Tinker.*]

Since in love we've not succeeded,  
For our Country let us fight!  
Let our quarrels pass unheeded;  
In the public cause unite.

TINKER.

[*To the Soldier.*]

Your example I shall follow;  
*Hamm'ring* this affair won't mend.

[*To the Sailor.*]

I'm not like my *kettle*, hollow,  
Bear no malice—I'm your friend!

TAILOR.

[*To the Sailor.*]

Buxom Joan you claim a right to,  
And on *Snip* she looks so cold!

[*To the Soldier.*]

If I'd courage I'd go fight too,  
But, alas! I don't feel bold.

TINKER.

TINKER.

[*To the Sailor.*]

Be you happy with your doxy !

[*To the Tailor.*]

Boldly now the foe let's face.

SOLDIER.

[*To the Tailor, who is sneaking off.*]

Won't you fight then ?

TAILOR.

Yes, by *Proxy*.

Tom the Tinker—take my place !

A I R.

JOAN.

[*To the Sailor.*]

Tho' at home I'm left to languish,  
Trembling, anxious, and dismay'd ;  
I will bear my heart-felt anguish,  
When Old England needs your aid.

A I R.

SAILOR.

Our foes can never have their will,  
If we're at home united ;  
They'll find we'll fight like Britons still,  
Till all our wrongs are righted.

CHORUS.

C H O R U S

To conquer in our Country's cause  
 Each Briton will endeavour.  
 Huzza! Old England, freedom, laws,  
 And GEORGE THE THIRD for ever!

F I N I S.

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